840.k 10
16

ODE

INSCRIB'D TO THE REVEREND

Dr. WATTS:

UPON HIS PROMOTING A PLAN

FOR A COUNTY-INFIRMARY

AT LEICESTER:

By the Rev. Mr. MORTON of Northamptonshire.

LEICESTER:
Printed for the AUTHOR, by JOHN GREGORY:
MDCCLXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE

FOR A COUNTY-ENTERTAINMENT

PROMISCUOUSLY COMPOSING A PLAN

Dr. WATTS:

INSCRIBED TO THE READERS

O D E.

1.

WAFT, ye frolick Winds! away
Cowardly Fear, your proper Prey:
Secure in ſuch a Theme, the Bard
Laughs at each ſelfiſh low Regard.
The meaneſt of the Muſes' Train,
Wiſhing a PINDAR'S Power in vain,
Dares in ſo good a Cauſe defy
CONTEMPT'S rude Tongue, and CENSURE'S baleful Eye.

2.

When roll'd the * deep-mouth'd Bard along,
The Tide of *dithyrambick* Song,
While all the echoing World around,
The double Mount reflects the ſound;

* PINDAR.

What was the elevating deed
Crown'd with this immortal Meed?
Did Feats of Strength or Skill well done,
On the athletick dusty Plain,
The Race by THERON or by HIERO won
Engross th' inimitable Strain?
Instant breaking from his Chain,
Nobly sung the Theban Swan,
The *Patriot, Legislator, Friend of Man:*
WATTS! could I equal PINDAR'S Lays,
As equal is thy Worth, equal should be thy Praise.

3.

AMBITION! execrable Name!
Back to the Hell, from whence you came!
Perish the Wreath, tho' all the Nine
Conspire th' ill-fated Flowers to twine,
Perish the Bard, who strives in Virtue's spite,
To deck the Foes of Man, the Fiends of Night,

With

With Ornaments the Muſes meant to grace
The' Friends, the Guardian-Angels of the human-Race!

4.

This wiſe, benevolent deſign,
ENVY, tho' ever baſely prone,
To damn the nobleſt Projects not her own,
Dares not openly malign,
Hardly in ſecret undermine.
PREJUDICE, whoſe jaundic'd Sight
With her own yellow tinges fair and white,
Is forc'd to ſay ſhe ſees aright.
RIDICULE forbears his Jeſt,
Goodneſs, like *Truth* will ſtand his Teſt.
AVARICE with ſeeming Warmth muſt now expand,
The long contracted Heart and Hand.
Miſcreants like theſe muſt now controul,
Their native narrowneſs of Soul,
Miſcreants like theſe muſt feign They feel,
Too feeble to oppoſe, concurrent hearty Zeal,

5.

MUSE ! tell each churliſh harden'd Elf,
Who feels for None, beſides himſelf,
Whoſe Heart has never learnt to glow,
" At others Good, or melt at others Woe" :
Tell Them, that the liberal Arts,
Have never civiliz'd their better Parts,
---- Nor cou'd----the Heart that's made of Rock,
Is ſtill Companion to a Head,
Made of thicker heavier Lead,
That CULTURE'S every Art will mock :
Incapable of being grac'd,
Either with *Sentiment* or *Taſte*,
Nor MUSE, nor GRACE can work on ſuch a Block.
MUSE ! tell the Churls, that, vers'd in Nature's School,
You ever found a Churl a Blockhead, and a Fool.

Gods !

6

Gods ! ſhall a Wretch, inſulting common Senſe,
Make to *Nobility* Pretence,
Who wants *Humanity*.
Leſs than a Man, a *Noble* muſt He be !
In vain his Head a *Mitre* wears,
Whoſe Heart no human Impreſs bears,
Leſs than a *Lay-Plebeian* He !
Titles nor Coronets impart
The Patent of a Noble Heart.
Not GRANBY'S high illuſtrious Birth ;
Not GRANBY'S Courage proves the Man of Worth,
Was not a GRANBY, like the truly brave,
Tho' pleas'd to conquer, better pleas'd to ſave.

7.

The Wounds of POVERTY to heal,
Which oft the undeſerving feel ;
To ſave Her, in a dangerous Hour,
From an *Empirick's* fatal Power ;

To make to *Her* thoſe Bleſſings known,
Enjoy'd before by WEALTH alone;
While ASSIDUITY and ART,
With TENDERNESS act each their part,
To mitigate the boiling Ire
Of FEVER'S unremitting Fire;
To make the pale and quiv'ring Lip,
The Soul recalling Cordial ſip;
To ſtop th' involuntary Groan,
Extorted by the tort'ring Stone;
Bid Bloom and Vigour once more ſeek
The feeble Limb, and faded Cheek;
To make the Lame, " his Crutch forego,
" And leap exulting like the Roe;"
To eaſe th' ideal Widows Fear,
Prevent the future Orphan's Tear;
And thus by *pious Alms* conduce,
To private Good and public Uſe;
Say, ye of ſentimental Kind!
Is it not Luxury of Mind,

More rich, exalted and refin'd,
Than *Senſe*, than *Wealth*, the *World* can give?
And does there ſuch a Worldling live,
Who wou'd not for this Pleaſures Sake,
A Friend of the unrighteous Mammon make,
Cou'd you admit the cruel Curſe,
Wiſh your worſt Foe *his Heart*; you cannot wiſh Him worſe.

8.

This is the truly Golden Uſe of Pelf,
The Loan the univerſal Lord,
Deigns to own and to reward,
As lent unto himſelf.
Theſe the firſt-Fruits that ſanctify the Whole,
Of a dead Maſs the vital Soul.
Shou'd, ye, Benevolent, ! in evil Day,
Shou'd Riches take their Wings, and fly away,
Tho' thus by virtuous Violence bound to ſtay:
Hence will REFLECTION'S conſcious Power,
Strike out the moſt enlivening Ray,
To chear that ſad and gloomy Hour. Shou'd

Shou'd Riches ſtay, ----- Diſeaſe and Pain aſſail,
These, when Phyſic's Power ſhall fail,
These will make your ſickly Bed,
These ſupport your drooping Head,
These the Cordial Influence ſhed,
As grateful and refreſhing found,
As Dews diſtilling on the thirſty Ground.
And when DEATH, who ſummons all,
Shall give the Rich the common Call,
These, e'er your Spirit breaks away,
From its frail Tenement of Clay,
At Heav'n's Tribunal ſhall appear,
To plead your Cauſe, and prove your ableſt Patron there.

9.

Hail CHARITY! whom Pity bore
Unto HUMANITY in Days of Yore.
No ſooner true RELIGION came,
Than to the venerable Dame,

Her

Her Beauty and her Worth was known,
Strait ſhe adopts her for her own,
And chriſtens her BENEVOLENCE.
Now thro' her Lore to full Perfection grown,
Her matchleſs Merit to proclaim
And give her juſt Pre-eminence;
She owns her of more Worth poſſeſt,
Than the * two Siſters She had given Birth,
And nouriſh'd at her Breaſt,
Tho' They were heavenly born, She ſprang from Earth.
'Tis Her's, on Nature's nobleſt Plan,
In ſympathetick Bands to bind
The univerſal human kind,
Making a *Brother* of the *Man*.
Her Heart ſtill prompt at Wretchedneſs to grieve,
And her Hand ſtill extended to relieve,
The doing Good her ſole Employ,
Her Meat and Drink, and only Joy.

* FAITH and HOPE.

NATURE'S Diſſolution paſt,
When her two Siſters ſhall have breath'd their laſt,
She, ſnatch'd from Earth's annihilated Frame,
Shall gain that Heaven, from whence *They* came;
And dwell for ever with the bleſt above,
In Happineſs as boundleſs as her Love.
Oh Brittain! Oh my Country! need I tell,
That 'tis with thee, this Fair delights to dwell,
Where She beholds LOVE'S Labor thrive ſo well.
While, in this her dear Retreat
She ſees her thouſand Structures riſe,
Grandly uſeful, ſimply great,
Not Heaven's own Structures ſhine more fair in Heaven's own Eyes.

10.

Brittain! 'tis to her you owe,
All the Good that you enjoy;
'Tis thro' Her, you do not know
Any ill that would deſtroy.

All

Cheriſh the precious Gueſt, nor drive her hence,
Not your own Rocks, or Fleets ſo ſure Defence,
Then may, O WATTS thy Plan of perfect Love
Like the ſtirr'd Waters' Circles ſtill expand,
O'er Diſtrict and o'er Diſtrict move,
'Till it it encompaſs all the Land.
So BRITTAIN! give your Patroneſs to plead,
A good againſt each guilty Deed.
So may ſhe hide the Multitude of Crimes,
Born in theſe flagitious Times.
So may the vengeful Miniſters of Death,
Harmleſs, tho' furious, ſit at her Command,
Black PESTILENCE reſtrain his blaſting Breath,
Pale FAMINE hold his blighting Hand.
So may no Elements, in Earth's dark Womb,
Be 'eer permitted to engage
With ſulphurous devouring Rage,
Your living Sons and Cities to entomb: But

But INDUSTRY, with chearful Smiles,
Reap the Reward of all her Toils,
While laugh your Vales with golden Grain,
And Commerce whitens all the liquid Plain.
Still more than Conquerors in Foreign Wars,
So may you triumph ſtill o'er feudal Jars,
Still ſee your Sails, to willing Winds unfurl'd,
Ride o'er the willing Waves, and Rule the wat'ry World!

FINIS